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March 1st, 1881.

The Weekly Register,

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OFFICE Main street, between 2d and 3d; residence,

Main street, between 5th and 6th. Attends promp-

tly to all calls, whether day or night. When not pro-

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June 30-6m-pd

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## We're All Our Angel Side.

The huge rough stones from out the mine,  
Unhappily and unfair,  
Have veins of purest metal hide  
Beneath the surface there.  
Few rocks so bare but to their heights  
Some tiny moss-plant cling,  
And round the peaks so desolate  
The seabird sits and sings.  
Believe me, too, that rugged souls  
Beneath their rudeness hide  
Much that is beautiful and good--  
We've all our angel side.

In all there is an inner depth,  
A far-off secret way,  
Where through the window of the soul  
God sends his smiling ray.  
In every human heart there is  
A faithful sounding chord  
That may be struck unknown to us  
By some sweet, loving word.  
The wayward mind in man may try  
Its softer thoughts to hide,  
Some unexpected tone reveals  
It has an angel side.

Deepened and long and true,  
Think with the angels of old,  
Deciphering not those halo-lights  
Which God has lit within:  
Groping about in utmost night,  
Poor poisoned souls there are  
Who guess not what life's meaning is,  
Nor dream of heaven afar.  
O that some gentle hand of love  
Their stumbling steps would guide,  
And show them that amidst it all  
Life has its angel side.

Brutal, and mean, and dark enough  
God knows some natures are,  
But He, compassionate, comes near,  
And shall we stand afar?  
Our cruise of oil will not grow less  
If shared with hearty hand;  
For words of peace and looks of love  
Few natures can withstand.  
Love is the mighty conqueror,  
Love is the beautiful guide,  
Love with her beaming eye can see  
We're all an angel side.

## THE HONORED GUEST.

A Short Chapter For Wives.

"Well," said I, one fine morning last week, "I have the prospect of a leisure afternoon--a somewhat unusual thing with me--and, all being well, I will do a little needful shopping; call and pass an hour with my old friend Mrs. Ashburton, whom, on account of the distance, I have neglected of late; and then drop in to take a friendly cup of tea with my niece Clara Whitford."

Having completed my household arrangements, I accordingly set out after an early dinner, and the shopping done, made my first call. Mrs. Ashburton's warm welcome, pleasant talk and cheerful fireside, would have proved strong temptations to induce me to accept her invitation to remain for the evening, had I not felt anxious to see my niece, whose residence was much nearer my own.

On arriving at Clara's door, I was not a little surprised to see no light in the front part of the house. "I am afraid they are from home," thought I, with a regretful mental glance backward at the pretty home picture I had just left. But I was mistaken. A servant came in answer to my ring at the door bell, and ushering me into the dining-room, lighted the gas, and went to summon her mistress. I had ample time to look about me before Clara made her appearance, and could not help admiring the perfect order and good taste which prevailed to both the apartment and its furniture. I was the more pleased to note this, as my niece, when unmarried, did not promise to become very notable as a housewife.

"I was beginning to tire of waiting--as, my brisk walk over, I felt chilly in the fireless room--when Clara entered, fastening a little article of dress, evidently just assumed. Her greeting was most cordial; and yet there was a shade of regret in her tone when, our first salutations over, she said: "Why, my dear aunt, did you not let me know you were coming, and I should have been better prepared to receive you."

"Surely, Clara," I replied, "no preparation is needed before you can bestow a cup of tea on so near a relative as I am. Pray do not make my friendly call into a ceremonious visit or I shall be tempted to run away again, in place of waiting until after tea, and begging Mr. Whitford's escort home."

"Pray, dear aunt, do not think of such a thing. I will light this fire in a moment, and the room will soon be warm and comfortable."

So saying, Clara was about to apply a light between the bars of the grate, when I stopped her.

"You must have a fire somewhere, my dear," I said; "and where you were sitting when I arrived will, I am sure suit me best. If I am to disturb any of your arrangements, I will leave you forthwith."

"Then, if so, aunt, you will have to excuse my taking you into the nursery."

"Anywhere to a warm fireside, Clara; but is Mr. Whitford from home?"

"No, aunt, he is here," replied my niece, her color rising as she spoke. I laughingly congratulated her on

her husband's liking for the company of her first born; but, perceiving no evidence of pleasure on her countenance, I asked if the baby was well.

"Oh yes, quite so, thank you, aunt. To say the truth it is my doing that we are in the nursery to-night, and Frederick is not too well pleased about it; but it saves so much trouble and the other rooms have just been cleared and put in order. But do not say a word," she added, as she opened the nursery door.

My nephew, shook me warmly by the hand, and then turning to Clara said: "I hope my dear you do not intend to make your aunt a nursery guest. If you do I shall not wonder if her visits become still more rare."

I hastened to assure him that I had been brought there at my own request, and begged no difference might be made; but, quietly ringing the bell he desired a servant to light the dining-room fire, and bring wood when it was well burnt. Clara bit her lip and looked red and uncomfortable, whilst I, feeling still more so, occupied myself in admiring the baby. I could, however, distinguish easily enough two or three little articles which convinced me that a tea equipage had just been removed; and certainly this was not what I should have expected to see in Clara's home, knowing the comfortable and even affluent income of her husband. I felt sorry my unceremonious visit should have produced such an alteration in the arrangements, for I could tell, from the production of sundry keys, etc., that many articles not in common use were to be brought out and the evening meal deferred on my account. Besides this, I felt grieved at Mr. Whitford's ill-concealed vexation not displayed towards me, but his wife.

At length we were summoned to the dining-room; and truly a wonderful change had been effected there. A bright fire illuminated every corner; an elegant tea equipage was on the table; in short, everything looked--as I had hoped at first to find it--in accordance with the position of the owners. Moreover, the pleasant aspect of affairs banished the cloud from Mr. Whitford's face, and so agreeably did the time pass, that I quite regretted when obliged to bid my niece "good night."

"Good night, dear aunt," said Clara, affectionately kissing me; "do come again very soon, but do let me know when to expect you."

"And then," added Mr. Whitford, after the door was closed, "the dining-room fire will be lighted before your arrival. Dear aunt, what do you think of Clara's new notions respecting domestic economy? When we were first married, she was rather ignorant of household matters; now we are so exceedingly orderly and careful, that everything is too good to use. The drawing-room first became so; then the dining-room underwent a thorough renovation; and the nursery, resorted to for temporary convenience during the repairs, has become our regular abode, the others being only used on state occasions. Probably our next remove will be into the kitchen. I go in other houses, and find that their masters can introduce a friend at any time, when the certainty of causing no embarrassment. In my home on the contrary, the call of a relative even, produces quite a domestic revolution; for plate, china, in fact everything presentable, is laid up in lavender, like the rooms. I wish you would say something to Clara on the subject, as I know you possess great influence in that quarter."

"Have you named the matter, Frederick?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, a thousand times, I think; but I cannot effect any change. I trust you will be more successful."

"I will try, at any rate," said I, as I took leave of my nephew-in-law.

Having thought the matter over, I arranged my plan of operation. I decided it would be better to try the effect of an opposite picture on Clara's mind, before giving utterance to any remonstrance, for I well knew that young housewives do not generally relish the pointed interference of their elders. I therefore called for Clara--having previously given her due notice of my intention--to accompany me in a long ramble; and I contrived to be near Mrs. Ashburton's just as tea-time was approaching and we were thoroughly tired.

"Clara," said I, "what is to prevent our obtaining rest and refreshment? I can insure you a welcome to both, besides you are not quite a stranger to Mrs. Ashburton."

"Oh, dear aunt, I could not think of such a thing; we should be sure to cause such inconvenience."

"You shall judge for yourself, Clara," I answered; "and if you think so half an hour hence, we will journey homeward."

The moment we were admitted, I frankly told my friend that I had come expressly to claim her oft-tendered hospitality for my niece and myself, as we were tired but still had a long walk before us.

"How glad I am that my house lay in your route," replied she. "Tea is just coming in, and my husband will be here directly."

In a few moments he arrived, and we were all seated prepared to join in the social meal.

I noticed Clara's glances at the perfect order which surrounded us, and the elegant but simple preparations for the repast. Besides these, it was impossible not to feel the thorough comfort diffused around us.

"My niece," said I to Mrs. Ashburton, "was afraid of causing you inconvenience unawares, and taking two places at your tea-table by storm."

A cheery laugh from Mr. Ashburton, and a bright smile from his wife followed my words. "Mrs. Whitford," said the gentleman, "I am the most fortunate fellow in the world, for nothing ever causes my wife inconvenience. You understand me I dare say--I mean none of these domestic invasions which are usually expected to cause a bustle. She has a peculiar theory of her own, which she most thoroughly reduces to practice, consequently we are always able to welcome a friend, however unexpected the guest may be."

Clara blushed and stammered a few words in reply; and, perceiving her confusion, I changed the conversation.

On our way home, after spending a delightful evening, my niece was unusually silent; but at length she asked if I could tell her what theory Mr. Ashburton alluded to when he said--"Here she hesitated."

"I understand you, Clara," I answered; "and I can explain it in a very few words. Mrs. Ashburton says that, being sure of the daily presence of one guest at her table, whom she wishes to honor above all others, she always prepares for that one; and is of course ready for any visitor and at any time."

"But I saw no guest besides ourselves, aunt."

"Did you not? And yet the person I alluded to was there."

"Where?--whom do you mean? You are jesting."

"Indeed, my dear Clara, I am not. The one whom Mrs. Ashburton considers worth of all honor is her husband. She says, and I think justly, that she should deem her marriage vow but ill performed did she bestow pains to make her home attractive in the eye of a stranger, and grudge doing so for him whom she has promised to love, honor and obey--her husband, and the father of her children."

Clara did not speak in reply; but when we parted the moistened cheek that touched mine convinced me the lesson was taken home; and I have little doubt that when I next visit my niece, I shall find her opinion as regards the guest most deserving of honor.

## No Funeral There.

He had a mournful look about him, and he advanced with measured steps to the table.

"I'm a useful member of society," said he in a sepulchral voice.

"Indeed, no one would suspect it. A face like yours--"

"Is a blessing to its owner. I can manufacture more melancholy in ten minutes than any other man can in a week. That's my business. I go about touching up the tender feelings of people and reducing them to palpable tears--"

"A regular brine drawer?"

"To be short, yes. One look at me will make the strongest eye weep. I'm very useful at funerals."

"This is no funeral, but it will be, and there will be joy instead of mourning if you don't take your melancholy mug out of here in a hurry," and just as he was going to ask for a quarter a paste pot went whizzing by his head and he retreated, leaving a streak of blue behind him that will last a week.

"Men often jump at conclusions," says the proverb. So do dogs. We saw a dog jump at the conclusion of a cat, which was sticking through the opening of a partly closed door, and it made more disturbance than a church scandal."

## "Skintillating."

There is no telling whether a Colorado mine will turn out a bonanza or "peter out." "A man can't see very far into the ground," said an "old hand," explaining why mining is so uncertain. Some settlers take to farming, seeing that the mining camps pay high prices for food for thousands of men and beasts. But even farming, though the crops are abundant, has its risks, as the following story, told in Mr. Hayes' "New Colorado," plainly shows:

"I was mining up in Central City," said an "old timer," "and there came along one day a man with onions to sell. We were glad to get vegetables about there."

"Well, sir, I didn't say anything, but I allowed that farming must be a better business than mining, and I had better go into it myself. So I quit my claim, and struck a ranch, and hired a man at \$100 a month to take charge."

"Well my vegetables began to come up. And one day, Tim Ewell, a sort of marketman, came along and stopped to dinner, and I knew he was counting the cabbages in one of my fields."

"Then says he, 'Joe, I must have those cabbages,' and he offered me \$1,800 for the lot, and I took him up, and he pulled out a bag of gold-dust. But I didn't want it in the house, and I told him to put it in the bank, and give me a check when he liked, and to send for those cabbages any time."

"At any rate, there was \$80,000 in that crop, and I began to feel tony, tony, sir, I tell you."

"And as I was building my castles in the air, the sun was kind of obscured, and I looked over Table mountain, and saw a queer kind of a cloud. And while I was looking, out came the sun, and the air was full of millions of diamond points, just skintillating, skintillating, sir."

"And what was it? Grasshoppers' wings! And they settled down, some inches deep, on my ranch, and out of my \$80,000 worth, I had--one hatful of lettuce that was under glass!"

## The Expansive Power of Water.

It is well-known, says the World of Wonders, but not less remarkable fact, that if the tip of an exceedingly small tube be dipped into water, the water will rise spontaneously in the tube throughout its whole length. This may be shown in a variety of ways; for instance, when a piece of sponge, or sugar, or cotton is just allowed to touch water, these substances being all composed of numberless little tubes, draw up the water, and the whole of the piece becomes wet. It is said to suck up or imbibe the moisture. We see the same wonderful action going on in nature in the rising of the sap through the small tubes or pores of the wood, whereby the leaves and upper portions of the plant derive nourishment from the ground. This strange action is called "capillary," from the resemblance the minute tubes bear to a hair, the Latin of which is *capillus*. It is, moreover, singular that the absorption of the water takes place with great force. If a dry sponge be closed tightly in a vessel it will expand, when wetted, with sufficient force to burst it, unless very strong. Wood, which is a more unyielding material, acts with tremendous force when wetted, and advantage has been taken of this fact in splitting blocks of granite. This process is largely adopted in Dartmoor. After a mass of granite has been rent from the mountain by blasting, it is measured in every direction to see how best to divide it into smaller blocks. These are traced out by straight lines on the surface, and a series of holes are drilled at short intervals along this line. Wedges of dry wood are then tightly driven into the holes and wetted, and the combined action of the swelling wood splits the block in the direction required, and without any destructive violence. The same process is then carried out upon the other faces, and the roughly-shaped block finished with the hammer and chisel.

"Gem'men," said Brother Gardner, as he glanced at the clock, "we am on de pint of refrigeratin' to our homes. Let de spirit of harmony dat allus prevails heah foller us inter de outer world. De wind-mill costs no more dan de humble and quiet-workin' cider press. It is de empty hog-head which gins out de loudest sound when struck wid a club. In your dealin's wid men say what you mean, do as you say, and save yer breath for de buck saw and de wood-pile."